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SPRING TERM - 1928

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# The West Saxon.

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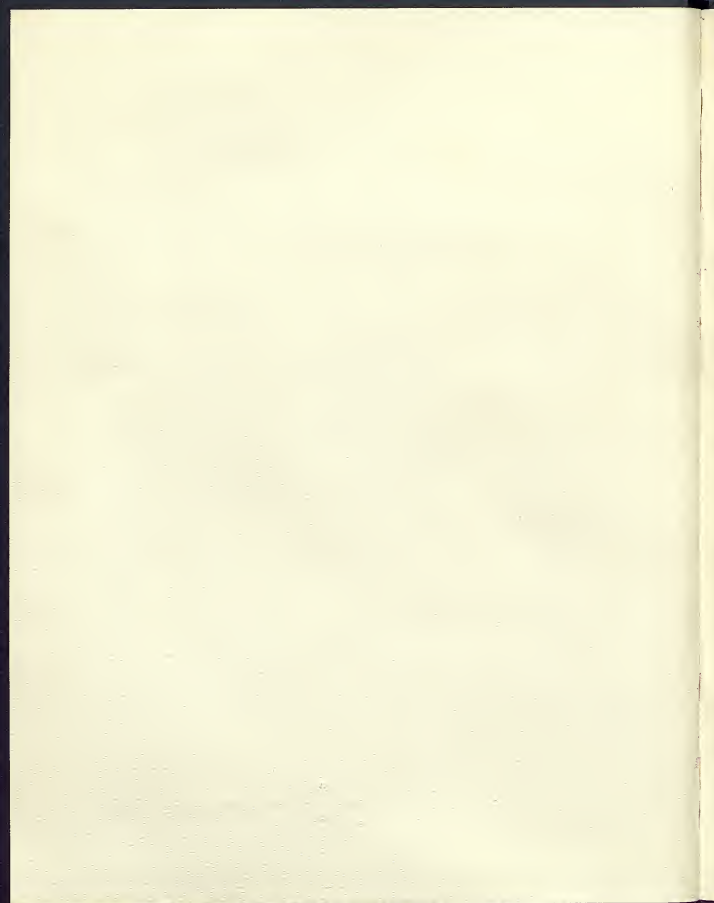
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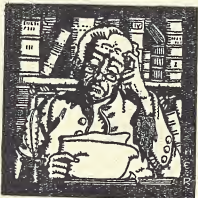
# The West Saxon.

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## EDITORIAL.



UNDOUBTEDLY we progress; not, we admit, sufficiently rapidly to make that remark a platitude, but with such modest hesitation that we are not infrequently at loss to decide in which direction we move. The youthful buoyancy with which we once assured ourselves of our immense superiority over our predecessors has long since evaporated, and the senile despair with which we shall, doubtless, soon be regarding our successors, has not yet begun to appear. Meanwhile, we survey ourselves, a little uncertain as to our origins, distinctly vague as to our whereabouts, and youthfully optimistic in viewing our ultimate destination.

Eager to justify this frame of mind we turn to consider the chief events of the term; the inter-varsity debate justified itself so completely that it is now apparently recognised that we know how to debate, and we practice that art no more. The academic societies have, for the most part, provided exceptionally interesting programmes, and Tuesday evenings have positively bristled with celebrities. These meetings, desirable enough in themselves, are probably to some degree responsible for the declining vitality of those societies which serve no academic purpose; the average student, brought up under an educational system which convinces its more docile victims that examinations are the be-all and end-all of existence, has no choice as to what he is to do on the one free evening of the week; if a lecture of possible examination value is to be heard, he must hear it; if not, he may, with an easy conscience, indulge in some more novel form of recreation. This term the evil has been exaggerated by the undeniable attractiveness of some of the lectures given, and the student who honestly deplores the absence of university life in this College finds himself turning traitor to clubs which are of real social value. The correspondent who points out that "not one of our student bodies is what it ought to be, for the simple reason that a student cannot be an effective member of more than one of them," reflects a growing and increasingly articulate section of public opinion. Such an attitude of mind is, we believe, inevitable among thinking people.

We set out to discover where we are; though still undecided we have at least revealed the fact that we are very discontented; and discontent is said by older generations to be a proper frame of mind in youth. As a temporary condition, the starting point for better things, it may be; but habitual pessimism leads to despair and despair to stagnation. Thus we are forced to recognise that if we continue to despair we shall stagnate; but it is because we stagnate that we despair. Perhaps this is the much flaunted "dilemma of our generation," and Wessex has yet to produce a logician capable of rebutting it, or a man of action who will put us to shame for wasting time on such idle speculations.

## THOMAS HARDY.

(An Address to the Southampton Branch of the English Association, February 17th, 1928)

IN Thomas Hardy England has lost her greatest modern man of letters and Wessex one of the greatest of her sons. Indeed, the very revival of the ancient name of Wessex and the accompanying revival of local patriotism are probably due to his works. For many years now this simple, unpretending old gentleman has been regarded by all who care for English poetry with an affectionate reverence which can only be compared to the esteem in which Chaucer, Spenser and Dryden were held by their younger contemporaries. We have been proud to acknowledge his right to our intellectual throne, because in him and in his work we have seen a symbol of what we would fain regard as the real England, the noble England of Shakespeare, of Milton and of Wordsworth, enduring in spite of the froth and scum of a world of silly sensationalism and cheap advertisement. We have been able to refute those who have spoken of the degeneracy of modern letters by pointing to the raciness, the vividness and the tragic splendour of the great novels, to the monumental architecture of *The Dynasts*, and to the intellectual and imaginative power of the poems. Hardy gave us an unanswerable rejoinder to those who charge modern English literature with lack of form and substance. In a noble tribute to his great contemporary, Anatole France, he spoke of that author as one "who never forgets the value of organic form and symmetry, the force and the emphasis of understatement even in his lighter works." The same words might well be applied to Hardy himself. His works are not only classics but English classics. He has shown that from purely English materials a fabric of art can be reared which need not fear comparison with the masterpieces of any modern nation.

The writer of an obituary notice in the Press referred to Hardy as "the last of the great Victorians." There is a certain amount of truth in this description, but it is only half of the truth. Like Milton and Wordsworth Hardy was at once the last of a great line and the prophet and inspirer of a new world. He was the last great novelist of the nineteenth century and the first great poet of the twentieth. His works fall roughly into two great divisions, which, although they are closely linked together, nevertheless belong to two different ages. There is a great body of prose that belongs entirely to the nineteenth century, and a great body of verse which belongs entirely in spirit and mostly in point of time to the twentieth. Regarded superficially his eighteen volumes of prose fiction published between 1871 and 1897 are of the same family as the works of other late Victorian novelists, such as George Eliot, George Meredith and R. L. Stevenson. But a closer study shows that the qualities that constitute the chief attraction of Hardy's novels are not exactly the qualities which belong essentially to the novelist's craft. They may be summed up briefly as a remarkably profound and loving knowledge of the landscape, the inhabitants and the history of a certain part of England, a tragic philosophy which sees man as a being who is struggling heroically but ineffectually against a blind non-moral destiny that is quite careless of his fate, an ardent pity for the sufferings of men and women mingled with an intense admiration of their heroism and spiritual beauty, and an ironic perception of the incongruity between their aspirations and their actual condition. These qualities are not exactly the qualities of a great novelist. They are the qualities of a great poet. Hardy's novels have great merits as narratives and as studies of character, but these merits are not their most notable features as they are, for example, in the works of Jane Austen or Dickens. The lovers of Hardy's novels value them for qualities which are essentially poetic qualities. What they remember and cherish are the great lyrical and contemplative passages: Gabriel Oak, the shepherd, tending his flock by starlight in *Far from the Madding Crowd*; the meetings of Tess and Angel Clare in the beauty of

the summer dawns in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; the descriptions of "Egdon Heath" and its tragic queen, Eustacia Vye, in *The Return of the Native*; and Marty South's great lament at the end of *The Woodlanders*. These passages are poetry in every respect, except the unimportant one that they are not in metrical form; and they are poetry of a very rare kind. Like Shakespeare and like Homer Hardy has the power of giving a universal quality to things which are intensely local. His Casterbridge and his Mellstock are akin to Troy and to Gadshill. It is in this respect that his work differs from "local" literature of what has been described as the kailyard school, although it is to be found in many other parts of modern Europe besides Scotland. Gabriel Oak is not only a typical Dorset man in a Dorset setting, he is the eternal Shepherd under the eternal stars; and Michael Henchard is not only Mayor of Casterbridge, he is also a tragic hero of the race of Oedipus and Lear. No other modern author has succeeded so admirably in the supremely difficult task of reconciling the virtue of homeliness with those of beauty and dignity. It is a great achievement to portray a kingly ruler; it is a rarer and still more notable feat to portray a kingly peasant.

Hardy, then, was a poet from the beginning, and only a novelist through the accident of being born into an age when the novel was the only fashionable and lucrative literary form. He had written verse from his youth onward, but his first volume of poems was not published until 1898, two years after the appearance of the last of his great novels, *Jude the Obscure*. He was then fifty-eight, and I suppose that *Wessex Poems* appeared to most of its readers to represent the diversions of a great artist in prose who amused himself by experimenting in another medium. Such a view would, however, have been singularly mistaken. *Wessex Poems* was to be the forerunner of a long series of volumes of verse extending over a quarter of a century which have given their author a secure place among the major English poets. His most imposing single work in verse is his great epic drama, *The Dynasts*, in which he embodies in a series of wonderfully vivid scenes the agony of Europe during the Napoleonic wars from Trafalgar to Waterloo, and gives artistic and philosophic unity to this vast theme by means of a grand invention of symbolical and superhuman onlookers, who reveal the inner meaning of the drama in a series of noble lyrical interludes. *The Dynasts* is the supreme achievement of modern English poetry. It triumphantly solves the difficulty with which all the great poets of the nineteenth century struggled unsuccessfully, the difficulty of writing a poem on a grand scale which is moving and profound without being too remote from contemporary life. The only thing comparable to it in English literature is the historical epic found in Shakespeare's chronicle plays; and, as in Shakespeare's epic, not the least merit of *The Dynasts* is to be found in the comic scenes of English country life. The reader is made to feel the pathos and humour of the Wessex peasants who were hourly expecting "Boney," and who burnt the Corsican ogre in effigy on their village greens, or the poor Bristol lads who took part in the retreat from Corunna as intensely as he is made to realise the tragedy and the farce of The Imperial Court and the General Staff. *The Dynasts* is a great lesson in humanity; it is also a prophecy. Future historians of literature will be puzzled by the fact that it was written before and not after the Great War of 1914-18. It anticipates exactly the mental attitude which was produced all over Europe by that conflict. When the great poet of the future comes to deal with that stupendous event, he will surely find his only possible model in Hardy's epic drama.

Hardy's shorter poems represent for the most part a protest against romance and the caricature of romance sentimentalism. Romance seeks to escape from life. Hardy and the school of modern poets which he has inspired seek to interpret it. Tragedy, pity and irony are his three great themes. Tragedy or the disastrous clash between things that are in themselves admirable is to be found chiefly in his ballads such as the wonderful *Trampwoman's Tragedy*, where the agony of the trampwoman whose teasing has



brought her lover's death is shown to be as moving as the sufferings of a Cordelia or a Desdemona. Hardy's intense pity for every form of life in its terrible struggle with a hostile environment is expressed in a multitude of lyrics from the exquisite hymn to womanhood :

I need not go  
Through sleet and snow  
To where I know  
She waits for me ;

to the burning lines on *The Blinded Bird* :

Who hath charity ? This bird.  
Who suffereth long and is kind,  
Is not provoked, though blind  
And alive ensepulchred ?  
Who hopeth, endureth all things ?  
Who thinketh no evil, but sings ?  
Who is divine ? this bird.

This is the bare soul of poetry stripped of all ornament, and living wholly by the intensity of its thought and emotion. Irony has not been a common theme for English poetry, and to many it may seem an inappropriate one, but, if we claim the whole of life and not merely romance as the province of poetry, there should surely be a place for the ironical spirit which is so characteristic of the modern mind. It is impossible to deny the power of such a poem as *The Ruined Maid*, which is an ironic description of a world which gives the name of "ruin" to the condition of a girl that is positively envied by her old friends in the country :

O'melia, my dear, this does everything crown !  
Who could have supposed I should meet you in Town ?  
And whence such fair garments, such prosperit—y ?  
"O did'nt you know I'd been ruined ?" said she.

All Hardy's poems, however, are not piteous, tragic or ironic. There are many charming verses which merely embody the beauty and humour of the traditional peasant life of the West country, such as the Christmas poem on *The Oxen*, or the lovely dance song *Timing Her* ; and in *Lyonesse* for once he wrote purely romantic poetry, an exquisite tissue of word music that challenges comparison with the masterpieces of Coleridge, Rossetti or De la Mare.

Perhaps the best poetry of the War was written by Thomas Hardy. In 1914 this poet of seventy-four interpreted the enthusiasm of the young men of England with astonishing vigour in one of the best marching songs in the language :

What of the faith and fire within us  
Men who march away  
Ere the barn cocks say  
Dawn is growing grey,  
Leaving all that here can win us ;  
What of the faith and fire within us,  
Men who march away ?

In 1915 he expressed the growing disgust at the futile slaughter in the sonnet called *The Pity of It*, where he tells how in Wessex lanes he heard men speaking a dialect akin to German, and how that brought home to him the tragedy of the conflict between "kin folk kin tongued even as we." But his profoundest utterance on the war is to be found in the great lines : "In the Time of the Breaking of Nations," which more than any others express the majestic simplicity of his genius, and his intense



realisation of the futility of governments and systems as compared with the spirit of humanity :

Yonder a maid and her wight  
Come wandering by,  
War's annals will cloud into night  
Ere their story die.

Hardy gave a new intellectual and spiritual strength to English poetry. He delivered it from the outworn traditions of nineteenth century romanticism, and vitalised it by contact with the common earth and common life, without abandoning the sincerity and depth of feeling which are the best part of the romantic heritage.

V. de S. P.



## THOMAS HARDY.

**H**IS heart in Wessex lies ; and there  
The people of his mind,  
That almost breathe our common air,  
You shall forever find.

Familiar kindly ghosts shall go  
By Dorset lanes and downs  
To those lost villages we know,  
To little ancient towns—

So small, so old, they hardly seem  
To live in this our age ;  
Not more substantial than the dream  
Born of his magic page—

So it may be that you will meet  
A grave or merry shade,  
And in a word unspoken greet,  
And pass on, unafraid.

SIGMA.



## THE LIBRARY.

I KNOW of no more miserable room than the Library where, haunted by the spectre of a malicious June, I seem sentenced to spend half my weary days. Morning and afternoon, unrespected and unpitied, I enter in under the unimposing doorway with the impassive resignation of a worker in "Metropolis," and with lagging tread, approach my customary seat close to the water pipes which with their burning cold eat into my bones. A hard plain chair awaits me, constructed, so it seems, specially for those doomed to study, and there, longing to take my ease, I yearn for the comfort of the magnificent, easy-buoyant Chesterfields forever associated in my imaginative mind with South Stoneham.

But thoughts such as these are quickly banished, and sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought, I gaze at my books. I have never liked books I have been constrained to study, and hating those in front of me, I am half inclined to cast them on the gravel below, when visions of a secondary school pass before my print-wearied eyes. I turn to them once more.

Yet after a few minutes I pause awhile and with benumbed senses consider all around me. Even in that state of semi-stupifaction resultant upon an attempt to study under such conditions I realise that the wall is painted in that hygienic but cold combination of colours peculiar to all libraries and institutions, and as though in very scorn of the walls themselves, the paint has curled up and writhed. Busts, faded paintings, and photographs of by-gone wealthy donors feebly relieve the monotony, whilst here and there, an illuminated text, reminiscent of Sunday school days, indicates the religious mind of some former pale-faced visitant.

Near to me companions in misfortune apply themselves diligently to their work and though all is quiet I seem at times to almost hear them glean knowledge. They are wooden faced and immobile, involved with the set desire to learn, and though occasionally the silence, so imperatively insisted upon by the torn, defaced notice on the door, is broken by a low murmur from a far distant corner, yet the interruption is but momentary, and silence descends again.

Outside the sun shines with spring brightness, and glistens upon the slates of the wretched houses, making even them, products of a commercial and civilised age, appear glorified and beautiful; the sky is one expanse of blue, unbroken except for a faint speck where the blithe spirit of Shelley's imagination pours forth his psalm of praise to the Creator, and quite close, the newsboy, imbibed with the spirit of the morning, whistles merrily as he travels on his way.

Life is outside, life as it should be led, and sorrow sad, longing for the country and for home, I try to work again.

S. P. N.



## LECTURE: SPRING MORNING.

"Is that clear?" the lecturer asks, and wanders on again

Through labyrinthine industries that clog  
Progress in trade, and in the human brain:

The sun without intensifies this fog.

## SWAYTHLING TO LYMINGTON ON FOOT.

ON Saturday, February 25th, nine fully-fledged Rovers went roving to Lymington. The stewards of the party having been busy, two of the party had to transport the provender to the destination by bicycle. The remainder, laden with blankets, billy-cans, and other personal belongings, set forth about 10 a.m., much to the wonder and astonishment of the juvenile population of the district.

After a week of fine weather, the eighth day decided to be fine also (which really was too much to expect of the sunny south). From ten o'clock to dinner time, when we had passed Lyndhurst, things in general were very comfortable. At one o'clock we experienced the delight of balancing a sardine on a chunk of very new bread, and trying to bite both simultaneously. This little entertainment over, things were even more comfortable, until we resumed our packs and started off once more on the last seven miles; then we felt how really uncomfortable our shoes were, and how a pair of blankets seem to have at least a ton weight hidden somewhere in the folds. Consider, gentle readers, the courage and strength of two Rovers who nobly refused two offers of lifts, by owners of real good cars! At three o'clock we reached Lymington, having completed the 20 miles (nearly) in just 5 hours, and proceeded to the Scouts' Hall for a rest and tea, prepared by the "grub-carriers."

Strange as it may seem, after a hectic night spent circumtramping Lymington, and parading its High Street, we SLEPT on the wooden floor of the Scouts' Hall (at least some of us did).

Next morning, arising at eight-thirty, we cooked a breakfast that would certainly have graced the board of S.S.H. had we been inclined to transport it thither.

Late in the morning, five, whose feet must have been leathern, started on the return journey, and completed it, too! Nearly forty miles in two days with full kit! The pedal progress merchants pedal progressed it back to Swaythling, and the remainder, after seeing more of the beauties of Lymington, brought their sore extremities home in the interior of a Hants and Dorset bus.

So ended our first hike, and if, as seems probable, more are arranged, then prospective members of the Scouts' Club may rest assured that they will be much better than the first.

C.J.L.



## COLD STORAGE.

*(Fantasia.)*

**M**R. WILLIAM MIGGS worked in the more Arctic departments of the great cold storage building at the Docks. Had it not been for certain disruptive elements in his life, he might have been working there still, instead of being confined under kindly but close supervision in His Majesty's establishment for mentally afflicted people of criminal tendencies. For his story is the inner history of that extremely brief par. you saw recently in the local paper—and almost certainly forgot—about the "Sudden Violence of Cold Storage Worker." It is merely another example (some would say) of the pernicious influence of the films, though I believe that it is rather the outcome of Miggs' peculiar psychological make-up. But to the actual incident.



"Not... Ethel M. Dell, or E.M. Hull ..... reel books" ~

Miggs—Bill Miggs to most of his fellow-workers—appears to have been a fairly quiet, ordinary, cheerful sort of person during his first two years at the cold storage work. He pushed trolleys, worked lifts and handled frozen carcasses with a perfectly normal indifference to the ultimate object of his existence, the ends served by his work, and the usefulness of cold storage. No stockbroker, no Peer of the Realm, could have taken the world more unquestioningly for granted. But during his third year of employment, a change was noticed by his companions. Miggs became more quiet and less cheerful; his interest in the winner of the 2.30 or the result of the Fourth Round in the Cup—never, I gather, very keen—disappeared. At first his mates put this down to the influence of love, possibly unrequited. I was at pains to interview those who

knew Miggs at this period, and I understand that there was much merriment in the chill rooms over this supposed infatuation of Miggs. The little man (did I say that he was below the medium height and slightly built ?) had to stand a good deal of chaff from his friends, who, with the freedom friends take in these matters, used to discuss his matrimonial prospects in humorous detail whenever he was within hearing.

After six months of this, however, they dropped the jest on discovering the real secret. Miggs was reading ! And not proper sensible reading, neither, according to Mr. Bert Tuppin, who was good enough to give me this information. Not the literature of the typical English workman (who, as the *Morning Post* said the other day, is still the finest fellow in the world when Bolshevik agitators haven't got at him), not the products of the fertile minds of Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs, Mr. Edgar Wallace, Miss E. M. Hull, Miss Ethel M. Dell, and their compeers. "Not *reel* books, if y' understand me," said Mr. Tuppin to me, spitting neatly into the dock as we talked. No ! Miggs read books by people like Wells and Shaw, whose ideas (I am told) are frequently very un-English.



"As an old Crusader might have  
used his two-handed sword."

It was soon noticed that Miggs begun to develop traits very undesirable in a worker. The foreman found him less ready, less reliable than before. He seemed to be engaged with a difficult problem, that rendered him pre-occupied and somewhat short in his answers. Sometimes he would demand—as much of himself as of anyone else who chanced to be there—"What's it all for ? What are we up to ?" It did not make him more popular.

There seems presently to have developed a kind of antagonism between Miggs and most of the rest of the men in his part of the store, including—and especially—the foreman. It was the natural antithesis between the dreamer and the doers. Probably the foreman hinted that Miggs might as well do his dreaming off the company's premises. It is certain that Miggs felt and occasionally expressed a sense of grievance against the world in general, and the cold rooms and his work in particular.

And then he saw "*Metropolis*." That film, together with—I suppose—such books as *The Sleeper Wakes*, turned poor Miggs' brain completely. He saw him-

self as a worker in some inhuman city of the future, moving forever along bleak corridors, working in huge electric-lit rooms, not, indeed, among great machines, but among endless ranks of frozen, hanging shapes, beneath miles of frost-coated pipes. Ideas—the bacilli of the brain—grew thick in his diseased imagination. His mates tried to laugh him out of these fancies, but without success. His delusions rather increased. More and more he wore a brooding expression.

At last came the inevitable climax, as briefly reported in that paragraph you have forgotten. The accounts of the principal actors in the scene are not very clear, and were slightly contradictory. It is agreed that it was at a request from the foreman to look sharp that Miggs went mad. The foreman is very emphatic that he spoke to Miggs in a quiet, reasoning tone ("as I'm talking to you now"); Mr. Tuppin says that the foreman was "a bit 'uffy that afternoon." However that may be, it is certain that Miggs incontinently turned on him and said that he was "fed up" and wasn't a capitalist's slave. He also added, according to Mr. Tuppin, to the foreman: "You shut your (highly-coloured) head—old (unprintable adjective) face!" The foreman, however, says that Miggs' behaviour to him was, all things considered, consistently respectful.

It then appears that Miggs dived into a small room off the corridor where the altercation took place, and seized a fowl that had been kept there (frozen iron hard) for several years. Hardly had the foreman time to tell him he was sacked, when he came out again—shot out, rather—brandishing his novel weapon. He smote Mr. Tuppin a sweeping blow across the head with it, holding the bird with both hands by the legs. Mr. Tuppin and others of the staff at once perceived the unpleasantness of getting the fowl's beak in the eye, and opened out in extended order. The foreman advanced upon Miggs, who, filled with insane fury and extraordinary energy, met him with a terrific blow that bent the frozen breastbone of the fowl. The foreman gave way, and the men hastily retreated. Miggs, uttering strange cries, pursued them with frightful ferocity, wielding the fowl as an old Crusader might have used his two-handed sword. (The bird, I may say, was a big one, bred for the Christmas market.)

The rout fled in disorder through room after room, joined every moment by those who were attracted by the noise. There was no withstanding Miggs. Several were left by the wayside, stunned by the flailing blows he dealt. One porter, whom Miggs caught fairly behind the ear, was unconscious for several hours, and, happening to fall in a dark part of one of the cold rooms, was overlooked in the excitement and later locked in. It was three days before he was completely thawed out, as a result.

But the affair did not last long. A brief quarter of an hour or so was all Miggs' triumph. In that time—a *mauvais quart d'heure* indeed for his victims—he drove a score of men the whole length of the cold storage buildings; he laid several out for appreciable periods, he terrorised the whole of the lower storeys, he dislocated the work for the day. But it was just eighteen minutes after he struck the first blow when he drove the now utterly demoralised men upstairs into the open. They poured out helter skelter, blindly seeking refuge from their insensate pursuer. He was close on their heels, and burst out into the sunlight, waving like a flail his frozen fowl. Or rather, his no longer frozen fowl. For, of course, as soon as it got out of the low temperatures of the cold storage rooms, it became flaccid, the virtue went out of it. It was no longer an iron-hard weapon that Miggs brandished. It was a badly dented bird of considerable age and no fighting value. Worse; the day was warm. It quickly became offensive. . . .

They say that Miggs looked at the useless thing a moment, bewildered. Then he burst into tears, and they led him gently away.

SIGMA.

## ODE ON A REFECTORY RISSOLE.

*(With Apologies where they are due.)*

THOU still uneaten blob of mystery !  
Of many an aged joint the remnant thou !  
Hoary concoction ! which conceals the history  
Of long past meals which I remember now.  
What acrid savours hang about thy shape  
Of pork or rabbit, or of both,  
In stew or in the wat'ry depths of curry ?  
What kind of food art thou ? And who is loath  
To eat thee now ? Who struggles to escape  
Thy clinging taste and leave thee in a hurry ?

O rotund shape, symbolical ! with scraps  
Of stony loaves and crustlets over-full,  
With mutton, suet, and the rest perhaps  
Untellable ! thou'rt indigestible ;  
And as I sigh o'er thee, cold growest thou.

When I have left my college days behind  
Thou shalt remain to add to others' woe  
Than mine—a weekly treat—and if they taste  
They'll know that thou art rissole—that is all  
They'll know of thee, and all they ought to know.

ADSUM.





## THE CONTEMPORARY WORLD.

**I**T is perfectly obvious to every sane person that there is the gravest danger of disaster to contemporary civilisation. There can be no apology needed even in a frivolous journal for a considered study of this danger, and of the urgent need of procuring an enduring peace.

Let us begin in a general way. The first fact that we had better face clearly is that there has been no progress other than material progress. We have increased in power and numbers and have acquired (rather spasmodically) an increasing control over "natural resources": in brief, we have piled up energy and resources which may be used for any generous purpose by the first intelligent creative being who comes along, or be wasted or dissipated if that being does not come along. We have so far made no serious attempt to use these resources to make our life more continuously glorious. In the past there have been a few great artists, occasional suggestions of culture, occasional inspiring ideas, but mainly we have been concerned with aimless material "progress," the mere haphazard collection of material things. Our spiritual and cultural aspirations have always been as it were in the air; they have not connected on to our workaday life, they have never touched firm ground, they have never been regarded seriously.

Not that we have "progressed" materially with any consistency or regularity. To a considerable extent we have been content to drift hither and thither, adapting ourselves, quarrelling, and making ourselves comfortable in between quarrels. We have never made a willing purposive response to life. But there are peculiar opportunities before us now that make it vitally necessary that we should begin to live purposefully instead of in the haphazard way in which we have lived all through history.

In the past 150 years circumstances have conduced to make material "progress" very rapid. New inventions, scientific discoveries, new methods of controlling energy have followed one another almost daily, and there is now a terrific accumulation of resources and power to be used to create the world republic and the enduring peace, or to be dissipated in a suicidal war. Our rapid means of travel and communication, our increasing exploitation of "natural resources"—coal, oil, etc.—the increase of international commerce, our improved knowledge of nearly all parts of the world, have broadened and opened up our life to an unprecedented degree. If these things were intelligently directed mankind would make an unparalleled advance. In fact, the world republic and the enduring peace are within our grasp in this century if we know how to grasp them.

But our resources are at present being turned to no serious purpose whatsoever. (Thus an American millionaire will go on piling up the dollars without considering that the energy represented by money is wasted unless it is used to subserve a generous purpose.) The sinister thing is, moreover, that if there is another war, they will be used in the cause of destruction, as they were from 1914 to 1918. Think of the whole resources of modern civilisation being used in the cause of destruction! We cannot afford to risk any more war. Even the slightest quarrel between nations becomes perilous. There is nothing vicious in our civilisation, as there was for a brief period in Prussianism, but our position is such that if we go on as we have been doing, we must inevitably destroy ourselves.

The twentieth century is thus a testing time in human experience. Generous life and wholesale destruction both seem to be among the possibilities of this century. Principally the danger of suicidal war threatens Europe. Conditions in China give cause for anxiety, but the problems of the Far East are nothing like so pressing as ours.

America appears best placed ; there is an unprecedented accumulation of power there, and when Canada joins with the U.S.A., as she assuredly will, a united N. America might at length take its opportunities, and not only accumulate power, but turn it to generous account. But Europe is an incredible mix-up ; its quarter century of kingdoms are squeezed together like sardines in a tin, and friction is continual and inevitable ; so that it looks as if the next few hundred years lie with N. America and the Far East.

The southern continents, from their very geographical position, must always remain subsidiary pendants to the civilisations (if any) of the northern land masses.

Precisely how are we to grasp our opportunities and avert this danger of war ? The peculiar sense of power which has grown up in the last 150 years, which is something quite new in history, and without which all our resources would be valueless, should help us. But there is scarcely the slightest indication at the moment that we intend doing anything serious. The League of Nations is about as effective a remedy as pink pills would be for galloping consumption. We are slow, inert and cowardly. We cling, sometimes feebly, sometimes with desperate ardour, to ancient gods and to delusions about "salvation." We show about as much concern for our situation as Central Africa niggers would if they were in our places. Our genuine art, religion, and culture remain things "in the air" that we never dream of connecting up with the rest of our life. We pay no attention to our prophets. Wells may go on calling to us to recognise unflinchingly that "there is no hope in the stars or the flowers ; there is only the God of Faith and Courage in the heart of man," and to build up on this recognition, by our own unaided resources, the world state and the enduring peace. But nobody will listen to him. In the Heartbreak House plays of Tchekow and Shaw our life may be stripped of its bombast and laid bare in all its futility, but nobody is convinced. Ibsen might show in "Ghosts," "Rosmersholm," "Bodda Gabler," "John Gabriel Borkman" and many other plays the ghastly effects of guessing the riddle of life incorrectly, but everyone shuts up his ears and covers his eyes.

Obviously, a resolute purging of our ancient prejudices and substitutes for religion is called for. But we cannot afford to wait while slow-minded fools examine their consciences. The situation is so urgent, that those men who control the world's resources—manufacturers, financiers, business men generally—must be called upon to face the facts and to use their power in the cause of peace and generosity. It is to them rather than to the politicians, with their antiquated governmental machinery and their inadequate League of Nations, that we must look. But unfortunately they have not as yet added a sense of responsibility to their unique and valuable sense of power.

The trouble is, and always has been, that culture and intellect are divorced from the material side of life. Whatever culture and intellect mankind has shown, has been a "breaking in the air," leading nowhere, connecting up with nothing. What is urgently needed now is that the poetic vision and the intellectual strivings should come down to earth, to make fine, generous and exuberant use of our unparalleled modern resources and to direct our unique sense of power. We need the enlightenment of Aristotle directing the power of Henry Ford. Neither is of supreme importance without the other ; the entire weakness of the past lies in the fact of their separation ; in future poetry and prophesy must "connect on" to material life. After all a prophet without a bank-balance is just as effective as an inspired architect without stones and mortar—that is, he is of great value as an ideal, but he won't get the world forward quickly enough. I do not mean, of course, that every poet in the future must be a business man ; but I do mean that every business man must be a poet.

But even with a little enlightenment the men who control the resources can go far. Their newly-developed sense of power is an enormously strong force in the world. There

is much in Wells's idea of an "open conspiracy" of those among them who have become inspired with a belief in the possibilities of generous life; they would act independently of governments and politicians, and they would act decisively, refusing to supply armaments and spreading a propaganda of peace.

All this, however, will be of no ultimate avail unless a spiritual change in the people accompanies it. Improved conditions of life would do much to foster a high level of culture among the people, and all great improvements will have to be made without any assistance from them. But the fact remains that it is their mental and spiritual condition which has ultimately to be taken into account. They cannot at the moment do anything active and striking, but they can and must cultivate the "passive resistance" of Shelley's—

"Gentleness, virtue, wisdom and endurance;  
These are the seals of that most firm assurance  
Which bars the pit over destruction's strength."

Theirs must be a conspiracy from within, to correspond to the other conspiracy of the men of action, which will be a conspiracy from without.

Q.E.D.



## RUMOURS.

One of the women in the Geography Department has missed a note during a lecture.

The Principal knows the name of one of this session's freshers.

The hockey pitches have been rolled.

St. Mary's, South Stoneham, is to be re-named St. Joseph's.

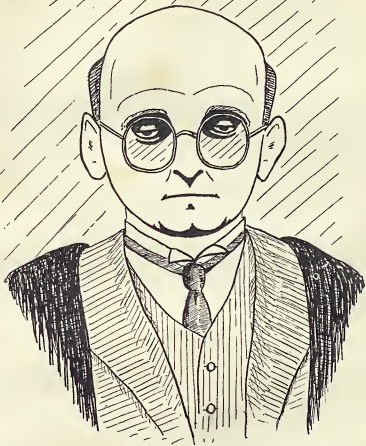
A "House Full" board is required by the Avenue Hall for use at University Extension Lectures.

The Warden of Highfield Hall has been pulled up for exceeding the speed limit.

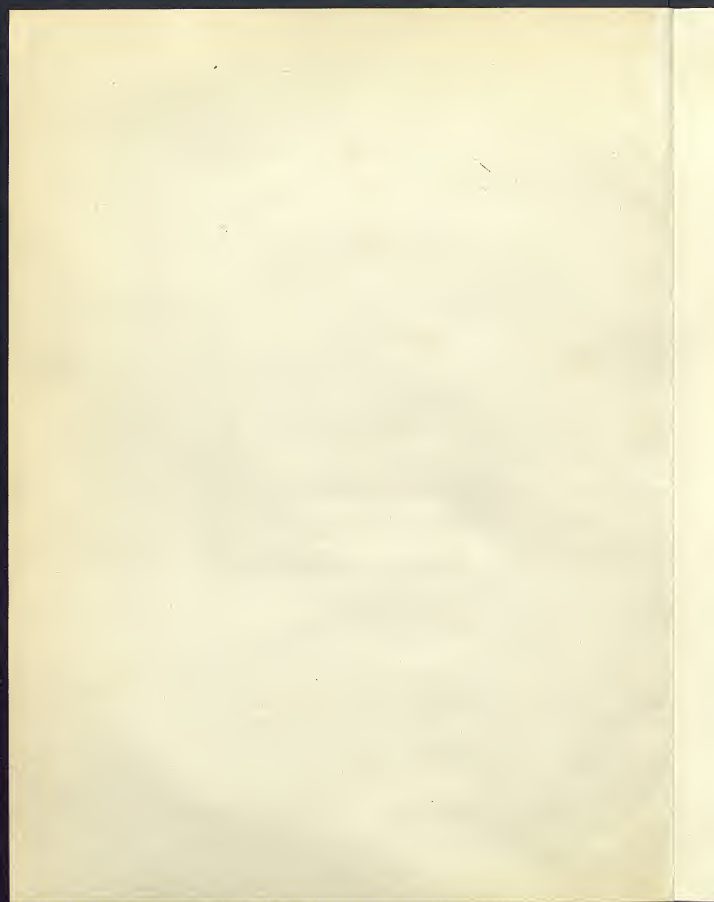
Mr. Heasell has been punctual at a lecture.

Enquiries are being made in order to discover whether Pestalozzi foresaw happenings at the T.D. class Christmas party when he wrote "Leonard and Gertrude."

E.R.B.



"A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."



## DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES.

## II. THE ENGLISH HONS. CLASS.

THE English Hons. department is  
 The pride of this our College ;  
 Its students are all far renowned  
 For sparkling wit and knowledge.

## 2

The laydies of the class are all  
 Of modest studious bent ;  
 Abhorring gossip—while each man's  
 A "perfect little gent."

## 3

They never let the weaker sex  
 Move desks or carry chairs,  
 And always elegantly bow  
 When passing on the stairs.

## 4

Our manners must evoke in all  
 Despair and admiration ;  
 So genteel and refined are we  
 That staff and students all agree  
 How worse than useless it would be  
 To aim at emulation.

## 5

While as for loitering in refec.—!  
 From dawn to dewy eve  
 We pore o'er Anglo-Saxon texts  
 Hard though 'tis to believe.

## 6

If one of us *should* stray that way  
 Immersed in meditation  
 Our presence there is solely due  
 To mental aberration.

## 7

When from our reverie we wake  
 And startled round us look,  
 Straight, shunning buns, away we run  
 At top speed to our book.

## 8

Our erudition's so profound,  
 For wisdom such our thirst  
 The weakest of the flock knows well  
 \*(S)He's bound to get a "first."

*\*Restoration of the original MSS. by the most recent commentator. A curious sex problem!*

## EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

*(This letter is genuine. We have every reason to believe that the story it tells is true.—Editor.)*

Regina,  
Saskatchewan,  
January 1st, 1928.

. . . . I must just tell you this story; it is absolutely true—I can vouch for its veracity.

Have you ever heard of the Holy Rollers? I don't suppose you have, as we don't get such fanatical people in England. Anyway, they are a religious sect—there are some in Regina, but this story is about some in Saskatoon. If you go past their place in the evening you hear weird and horrible sounds issuing from the basement. Some of the girls from the Teachers' Hostel peeped in one evening and saw a whole lot of people rolling about on the floor, and a lot of others rolling them. They were all moaning and groaning, yelling and rolling their eyes and crying "Allelulia! Praise the Lord!"

Well, one of the girls determined to go one night and see what really happened, so she went into one of the services. At the end they asked her, was she saved? She told them a long story about how she worked in a candy store down town, and her father and mother fought and had separated, and she had come in to pray for them. Well, they didn't do any rolling that night, but they said: "Next time you come bring your mother."

The job now was to find a mother, and the girl Rosamund roomed with undertook the job. She dressed up as an old woman with an old shawl, and boots, and cushions stuffed in the right places and that sort of thing—a wonderful disguise—and they set off.

They sat right through the service and apparently heard a wonderful sermon. When the last hymn was announced those who were saved and those who wished to be saved were asked to go down into the basement, so they followed the crowd down there. At the bottom of the stairs someone asked them if they were saved, and they said "Yes," because they didn't want to roll, only to see what went on, but they made a mistake and knelt in the place set aside for the unsaved.

After a bit everyone began to cry "Allelulia!" and "Praise the Lord!" and someone came along and said: "Praise the Lord, sister!" and someone else said: "Say Allelulia, sister! Louder, sister!" So they praised the Lord as hard as they could, and felt just awful about it, but they couldn't back out then. This went on for some time, but worse was to come. The minister or whatever he called himself came along and poor Rosamund never knew he was there till she felt his hand on her shoulders and his knee in her back, and over she went on to the ground. Then they commenced to roll her. About half a dozen people came along and rolled her up and down the floor and said: "Praise the Lord, sister!" and "Say Allelulia! sister," and "Close your eyes, sister." This went on for ages until she felt she must see what had happened to Frances, as she was terrified lest the dress burst, and the cushions came out, or they discovered Frances was disguised. So she jumped up and waved her arms about and cried "Allelulia!" but she couldn't see Frances anywhere. She thought she had better not stay up long, so she fell down again and rolled for another quarter of an hour. Then she got up again, but the people who were rolling her pulled her down and she heard them say: "She mustn't get up again or she might hurt herself." You see she was just



acting away as if she was in a trance. At last she couldn't stick it any longer, and gave a great heave and jumped up, yelling "Allelulia!" and "Mother!" as hard as she could.

This time she saw Frances and got up to her and whispered: "For heaven's sake let's get out of this." They started off for the door, but a man intercepted them and said to Frances: "Your daughter can't possibly go home like that. She isn't fit to be in the road. Brother Wilson will drive you both home in his car."

Of course, this was the last thing they wanted, as they had given an address at the other end of the city, but they were so exhausted from rolling that they couldn't protest and were just bundled into the car, and drove off. They tried to confer together, but Brother Wilson kept on saying: "Praise the Lord, sisters," and they just had to yell "Allelulia!" However, Rosamund sang a hymn to pacify him, and they had a moment's conference. When they got to the given house they told Brother W. that he had made a mistake, and it was seven blocks west, so he drove them the seven blocks and they got out. They were terrified lest he should see them into the house, but he drove off, calling out: "Good-night, sisters! Praise the Lord, sisters! Allelulia!"

They tore off home as fast as they could, but, of course, they had to walk about twenty blocks to the Hostel. I bet they had had enough Holy Rolling by the time they got home that night.

Well, I must cease. I hope I haven't bored you horribly. I may add that these H.R.'s all end up in the lunatic asylum, and I don't wonder, either. . . .



## CURRENT CATECISMS.

(or *Licentious Limericks*.)

A T a Soiree, a dude dressed so smartly,  
 Proposed to a damsel of Hartley ;  
 He said " O divine  
 Maiden, wilt thou be mine ? "  
 " I'm flapped if I will ! " said she tartly.

There was once a young fellow named P--re,  
 Who decided to take a world tour ;  
 But so learned and wise,  
 With his eyes to the skies,  
 He slipped and fell into a sewer !

There was once a young lady named P-g-,  
 Who said to her friends, not so sage :  
 " If your not intellectual  
 I'll have to reject you all,  
 You know education's the rage ! "

'Twas rumoured that mo-bike friend Qu—rtz  
 Had smashes (of various sorts) ;  
 So for safety we hear  
 That his latest idea  
 Is to *walk* with his new " super-sports " !

Apollo, by mortals called B—ll,  
 Of sirens resisted the call,  
 Till a witching young blonde,  
 Made him foolish and fond—  
 Apollo ! how great was thy fall !

Though the scrum half, young W.I.,  
 I have heard most continually sigh,  
 When, for his injured knee,  
 I expressed sympathy,  
 He said : " Dash it all ! *that* is not why ! "

That dashing young fellow named -tt-,  
 Said : " Though I have never been blotto,  
 I very much fear  
 I have been jolly near—  
 But 'ca' canny ' is always my motto ! "

There was once a young fellow from Shirley,  
 Who went out when the dew was still pearly ;  
 A fair maid took his glance,  
 And he said : " Now's your chance,  
 For you're a fine bird, and it's early ! "

## DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

*(Being a satire on a usefulness of public memorials.)*

**I**T was recently my pleasure to be writing to a practitioner of saccharometry in Burton-on-Trent, but I found my visual-memory apparatus insufficiently "cellary" to adequately construct a picture of a place wherein generated the whole driving-urge of many millions. It occurred to me that revealed religion might have told us more of the place where the Light dawned on chaos and intoxication on despair. My first words to him, therefore, described dreams of a land flowing with milk (stout) and honey (the sparkling ale) where the elements even 'ail beer! I constructed a glorious intelligentsia, who had sublimated even their olfactory (ale-factory) apparatus in the cause of "Hoptimism," and who triumphed far and wide the noble cause of man mere man, beer Man! Man and a Spirit!!

Looking back at that idle delusion from which no man would willingly awake, I reflected and castigated myself with some remarks of Dean Inge on the Utopian thinkers' excessive hatred of the present existing society; but not then content, I went further to analyse the repulsions I felt towards our modern state, which might account for such unconscious declamations from my subliminal ego.

To my astonishment I found myself suffering from a chronic despair about our drinking fountains. How I had been maltreated, doubled up and neckwashed, just for a drink; tantalised with open mouth and closed eyes over a jumping column of delicious juice; or deceived and had to spit it out again in the larger trough provided (where horses congregate). How often has psychology turned to underhand devices in driving me with an heroic urge to drink once a day if for no other reason than that I'd rather not have mildly poisoned myself. How often have I "to the Glory of beast, man and God" endured an agonizing thirst, or at the last gasp drank only to be tormented by the dramatic picture of the sinking *Titanic* or the *Stella*; and contemplated that questionable delight of doing nothing but drink the very seas. How often have I been forced to wield the notorious hollow cannon-ball on an ample shackle, nearby a tremendous brassy tap, only in the end to be "water-carted" about the ankles. How often as a child had I "fulcriminated" my middle upon that lofty basin at the Clock Tower; how I had climbed that archi-chronic structure; dangled my sturdy feet at the setting sun and stared up the heraldic nostrils of that leaking monstrosity. Or in maturer years how have I permutated a sensory motor idea of wheeling the approaches to the Floating Bridge with a "cursory"-motor feeling of lying flat on my back in a wet road, in luckless attempts single-handed to wield the village pump. In final agony might we all plead for mineral-shops where fountains are not quite "soderty," or alternately for that Re-public where men never thirst!

H. H. O. WALTERS.



## ODE.

*(With Apologies to the Shades of Omar.)*

**A** WAKE! for Recess in the Midst of Night\*  
 Has rung the Bell that puts the Prof. to flight;  
 And, lo! the gentle Maiden, deftly sipping Coffee,  
 Instead of horrid Carnot, greets the Sight.

Have filled thy Cup and to the Stove it bring  
 Thy "Academic Dress" ?—to Hades fling!  
 Thy Hour of Peace is but a cherish'd while;  
 A Bell!—and Lo! thy Hour is on the Wing.

For look—a thousand Lect'chrs with the Day  
 Wake!—and a thousand Students stand at bay;  
 Would that the first Spring Month to bring the Rose  
 Would take a goodly half of them away!

Myself, now young, do eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and Prof., and hear great Argument  
 About it and about; but at the Hour  
 Come out about as wise as in I went.

Their moving Fingers write and having writ  
 Move on! Nor all thy Piety nor Wit  
 Shall aid thee to decipher half a Line  
*Nor even comprehend* a Word of it.

Here with an inkèd Pen, a furrowed Brow,  
 A hunted look, a muttered Curse—and Thou  
 Beside me, longing for a Wilderness.  
 A Wilderness?—A Paradise enow!

And whilst this Cock crew, those who sate before  
 The Doorway muttered: "Fling then wide the Door,"  
 You know 'tis but an Hour we have to stay  
 And now 'tis ended we may wake once more.

They build a Door to which I find no Key,  
 They hold a Veil past which I cannot see;  
 They call it lectures and I call it—Gee!  
 It taketh me no forrader—nor my Degree.

So my Beloved, fill the Cups that clear  
 To-Day of past Regrets and future Fear  
 To-Morrow?—why To-Morrow I may be  
 A B.Econ. along with Bodkin here.

\*Night here means after darkness—hence, the average lecture.

## REVIEW.

(*English from Piers Plowman to the Forsyte Saga.*) (Foyle, 1/6.)

ROSE coloured dreams, hopes vain but beautiful, assail the student of literature who sees the slimmness of this handbook, or reads above its introduction the question he has so often asked himself: "Why read books?" Of course, he is doomed to disappointment. So far from being black magic for conjuring into the air the learned tomes which are a weariness unto the flesh, it turns out to be only a key to the library—a "Chronological record with notes and a list of available editions"; while the title of the introduction is not a daring challenge flung by some grand heretical soul, but merely a painted mask to cover the skull and cross bones of our old school sermon on "Read more books."

For those who will—or must—obey the slogan, this should be a welcome addition to the reference library. It contains a useful list of the chief writers of each age with their works, dates, and the prices of available editions. The authors seem to have been having some very human disputes about precedence—or can it be that the Editor does not believe in "Age before honour"? At any rate, Shelley, Keats and Byron appear before their older contemporaries, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey; while Smollett triumphantly pushes in before Richardson. Fortunately there are excellent indexes.

Perhaps the chief charm of the book lies in its notes. The dry bones of literature are livened with such colourful details as: "Out of the flood of controversial pamphlets on episcopal government"—such as the Martin Marprelate tracts—"sailed a stately barque." Hooker, Richard. 1554(?)—1600.—"Defence of Ecclesiastical Polity, 1594," 2s.

E.B.B.'s name is prefaced with the single damning sentence: "Mrs. Browning strove conscientiously towards moral elevation," while her husband causes quite a sensation: "Into the smooth music of Tennysonian verse Browning crashed with rebellious dissonance."

Apart from these tit-bits of criticism the book contains invaluable information of a duller nature, and fills a need which many students must have felt.

ANTONIA CRUNDLE.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of the following, and apologise for any omissions:

"Sphinx" (Liverpool); "The Serpent" (Manchester); "The Gong" (Nottingham); "The Northerners" (Armstrong College, Newcastle); "University Gazette" (Birmingham); "The Nonesuch" (Bristol); "The Northman" (Queen's University, Belfast); "The Natal University College Magazine"; "Nusas" (National Union of South African Students); "The Ram" (Exeter); "The Huguenot" (Huguenot University College, South Africa); "Tamesis" (Reading); "The University"; "The Bede" (Durham); "The Incubator" (Brighton Technical College); "The Luciad" (Leicester).

The above publications may be seen in the library.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editor of "*The West Saxon*." )

SIR, One of the dullest publications for which I have ever had the misfortune to pay sixpence is the current number of *The University*. It contains, however, one rather bright, albeit ungrammatical remark about the summer number of *The West Saxon*, which, it says, "Except for attractive editing . . . only has the verse of V. de S.P. to save it from mediocrity." Their simplicity shows both poems to be the work of a maturing artist." One almost sees that outward sign of approaching maturity, that hirsute decoration of our poet's simple face, bristling with pride at being thus patronised. And you, sir, do you not thrill with pleasure that your attractive editing has saved our magazine from mediocrity? I cannot find even such faint praise with which to damn your gray (or is it blue?) coloured contemporary, with his gray (or blue) outlook on life. Let him concern himself less with his introspective sophisms about the present generation and endeavour to reflect university life and university opinion as they really are, and not as they appear to be through editorial spectacles. And here I should like to point out an annoying habit which *The University* shares with many other very young magazines and people at the present day. It tacitly assumes that the present generation consists of those men and women, for the most part under 25 years of age, who are of university age to-day, and have in common the fact that they are too young to have served in the war. But surely the term "present generation" must include people up to 35 at least, and therefore embraces a vast number of men who actually fought in the war. If the younger section of the present generation *will* write such bunkum about itself, it cannot be surprised that it finds a gap growing between itself and the older section.

Now, Sir, *The West Saxon*, which is not quite as scurilous as it should be, is at any rate bright, and does endeavour to reflect college life. It caters at once for the highbrow student with the "world outlook," and the lowbrow, human fellow with his "refectory outlook." I have hinted that *The West Saxon* is too respectable. So are we all, all too respectable. Why? Because we suffer from the paternal despotism of the Board of Education. How can we hope to become a self-governing university unless the college attracts more students—and students of the right type? And how can it *attract* students when its resident members are herded in like sheep when the day's lectures are done, and are "allowed out" on only one evening a week to attend meetings of unions and societies? Not one of our student bodies is what it ought to be, for the simple reason that a student cannot be an effective member of more than one of them.

The aim of university life is not merely to pass examinations. One of its greatest uses should be to teach us how to utilise our spare time. Students who take upon their own shoulders the responsibility of failing or passing their own examinations do at least stand some chance of developing individuality and independence of character.

Let *The West Saxon* have the courage to reflect the opinions and topics which are current in the college. I am not agin' the government. I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

E.R.B.

## ESSAY COMPETITION.

"VOX STUDENTIUM" is the monthly magazine published by International Student Service.

ITS PURPOSE is to further international contacts and understanding among students of all countries, by enlisting their co-operation in practical enterprises for the assistance of their fellows, and by promoting mutual study and interchange of ideas.

IT NOW SEEKS the co-operation of its readers in considering the possibilities of an international student journal by announcing an

### ESSAY COMPETITION.

THE FUNCTION OF AN INTERNATIONAL STUDENT JOURNAL, AND  
A PROJECT FOR ITS REALISATION.

CONDITIONS OF THE COMPETITION.

(1) THE COMPETITION IS OPEN to all regular and occasional students of a University or College, as well as to graduates of such institutions, regardless of national, religious or other affiliations, who have already entered their subscription for "Vox Studentium" for one year, or who enclose it with their essay.

(2) THE ESSAY MAY BE WRITTEN in English, French or German, and must not exceed 1,500 words. It is to be addressed:—

Vox Essay Competition, International Student Service,

5 Rond Point de Plainpalais, Geneva, Switzerland.

and must arrive in the office by noon, August 1st, 1928.

(3) THE PRIZE of 500 Swiss francs (\$100.00, £20) will be awarded to the author of the essay adjudged best both from the point of view of its presentation of the function of an international student organ, and its suggestion of a practicable project. In the case of two equally good essays being submitted, the prize will be divided between their authors. No further division, however, will be made. If none of the essays submitted present an adequate solution of the problem, the judges reserve the right to make no award.

(4) THE JURY will consist of four members of the International Student Service Executive Committee, and the following persons:—

M. Fernand Maurette, Chief of the Scientific Division, International Labour Office,  
Dame Rachel Crowdy, Chief of the Opium and Social Questions Section, League  
of Nations,

Dr. Mantoux, Director of the University Institute for Higher International Studies,  
Geneva.

Herr von Schmieden, Gerandschaftsrat, Member of the Secretariat League of  
Nations.

(5) COMPETITORS MAY WRITE UNDER PSEUDONYM if they so wish, accompanying the article with a sealed envelope containing their full name and address. TWO COPIES of the essay must be submitted, and in case a pseudonym is used, a statement of the fact that the contestant is a subscriber to "Vox Studentium."

(6) THE WINNING ESSAY will become the property of International Student Service, which will reserve the right of publication.

Annual subscription to "Vox Studentium"—4 Swiss francs.





### HIGHFIELD HALL.

WE began a busy term very pleasantly by entertaining the Junior members of South Stoneham House, together with some of Russell House, on the first Saturday of term. We were also glad to have with us on that occasion the House Committees of South Hill and Montefiore Hall.

On January 28th our House Committee spent an enjoyable evening as the guests of Montefiore Hall.

Amongst other social activities one of our jolliest evenings was on the occasion of the social given by the Juniors to the Seniors, when remarkable ingenuity and originality was displayed in the array of fantastic impromptu costumes. On Tuesday, February 28th, some of us were privileged to help at an Auction Tea held at Highfield in aid of the Appeal Fund. It was a most successful and entertaining function, thanks largely to the ready wit and expansive geniality of the auctioneer.

We are gratified at the healthy exuberance of spirits exhibited by a number of enthusiasts who skip their five hundred daily in the Winter Garden, out of sheer lightness of heart. It may be the Spring—but judging from the slender appetites of these same energetic ones, we suspect that it has something to do with the preservation of “that slim silhouette”!

M.G.W.

### MONTEFIORE HALL.

LET it be wrote down” that Montefiore Hall has been both gay and busy—so much so that a detailed description of all our doings since the last number could not fail to fill many pages and make the Editor hastily tear out her few remaining hairs (figuratively speaking, of course). Wherefore, suffice it to say, that we twice during the Vac. exercised our privileges as town students, in entertaining and being entertained by Russell Hall; while since the beginning of term South Stoneham Juniors have been our guests on one occasion, and we have visited South Stoneham and some of us) Highfield, besides running a Thé Dansant for Finance Week and enjoying each other’s company at the novel institution of a House Tea in the Common Room. The last performance was such a success that we decided to make it the first of many house teas.

P.S.

## SOUTH HILL.

**I**N *primis* one would start in the traditional manner by reiterating the be-whiskered platitude that this term has passed with remarkable rapidity. Quite a lot of things have happened, but the demoralising effect of Finance Week, the shock to our system of a dastardly fire drill which rudely disturbed our slumbers in the stilly hours of last night, combined with the prospect of the Rag to-morrow, and the importunacies of the Ed., who has just demanded "copy," at short notice, leaves us too exhausted to give them more than cursory mention. Thus we would apologise for our cryptic colloquial style.

January 22nd—The House Committee, Third and Fourth Year students, thoroughly enjoyed a very jolly social evening at Highfield Hall.

January 29th—S.H. entertained the Seniors of S.S.H.

February 4th—S.H. were entertained at S.S.H.

Special mention must be made of the social evening at which the Seniors were guests of the Juniors, and for which the latter first evolved the brilliant idea of a comic mannequin parade, which proved such a success in Finance Week.

M.C.R.

## S.C.M.

**T**HIS term we have had no general meetings, but the life of the S.C.M. has been kept aglow by the weekly Prayer Meetings and the Discussion Groups. The Prayer Meetings still continue to be remarkably well attended, and we take this as a sign that the S.C.M. is providing for a real need in the devotional life of many members of the College, and are tempted to make further and wider provision for this devotional side next term.

The Universal Day of Prayer, Sunday, February 19th, was recognised by a service at St. Mary's, South Stoneham, conducted by the Vicar, the Rev. C. E. Spencer, under whose guidance it became a very real act of worship for all who attended.

Finance week—the outstanding activity of the term—opened with a *Thé Dansant* organised by members of Montefiore Hall. Other important events included a lunch-hour performance by the P.R.C.; an entertaining netball match between men and women, and a Mannequin Parade organised by South Hill Juniors—undoubtedly the event of the week.

In thanking all those who helped in any way during Finance Week I am able to inform them that as a result of their efforts between £16 and £20 have been raised towards the upkeep of the Movement.

H. OTTO.

## WESLEY SOCIETY.

**A**LTHOUGH this is the first report we have sent in to the *West Saxon*, this Society has been founded for about two years and consists of Nonconformist members of the staff and students of the College.

Meetings are held twice a term, usually on Sunday evenings, in the Guild Room at Howard Road, Wesleyan Church. The first meeting of the term was held on February 19th, when Mr. N. Goodridge read a paper on "Some Aspects of Prison Life in England." This provoked an interesting discussion, dealing more especially with recent developments in the education of the prisoners.

Any Nonconformist members of the College will be heartily welcomed at meetings of the Society (notices of which, in future, will be posted on the College noticeboards) and any information with regard to the Society may be obtained from C. H. Beale.

C.H.B.

## STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



WE have had a most successful series of meetings this term. The first was a visit to the Docks Estate, on February 15th, when about 80 people toured the Docks, under the expert guidance of an official. The tour included the Cold Storage Depot and refrigerating plant, the extensive goods sheds, and the huge vaults of the bonded warehouse.

On Tuesday, February 21st, the Society was favoured by a visit from Dr. Vaughan Cornish, who gave an interesting, if technical, talk on "Religious and Language Frontiers in the countries of European Nationality." Students of history present were no doubt in their element, but the talk had much of general interest to students of other departments.

By the time that this is out of the printer's hands we shall have had the last meeting for this term. We look forward with great interest to this talk on "Characteristics of the Chinese," and it is to be hoped that the clash of many meetings will not weaken the loyalty of all our members—for which we thank them.

R.M.

## SCOUT CLUB.

FOR secretaries of small societies to avoid advertising and boosting in writing a report, is no easy matter; so without saying what a great educational force Scouting is in this country, and all the other things that have caused over forty public schools to run Scout Troops with success (I knew I'd get the boosting in somehow), I will simply say that the only open meeting of the term took the form of a talk by the Chief Scout's Commissioner, Dr. Emlyn, on "Pitfalls in Scouting." We are glad to report that a Rover Crew of fourteen has been formed with due ceremony, complete with vigils and presentation. By the time this is in print we hope to have heard "Tales of Down East," by Claude Fisher, warden of Roland House, the Scout Slum Settlement.

We are looking forward to more hikes, "camp fires," and a camp in Switzerland during the Long Vac.

H.R.M.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY.

OUR first meeting of the term was held on Tuesday, January 31st, and consisted of a lecture on "Electric Circuit Control," given by Mr. P. G. Spary. The lecture was illustrated by a number of lantern slides, and Mr. Spary fascinated his audience with the many "devices" and "gadgets" used to make modern electrical machinery foolproof.

Unfortunately, the meeting arranged for February 14th, had to be cancelled owing to the speaker being prevented from giving his lecture on that date.

Another meeting of the Society is to be held on Tuesday, March 6th, when Dr. W. Rae Sherriffs will give a lecture on "Extinct Animals."

At the present time arrangements are being made for visits to various works and factories in the town, and we hope to publish details of these visits very shortly.

C.H.B.

## CHESS CLUB.

**T**HOUGH not quite as fortunate as last year, we have had a successful season, and although Y.M.C.A. have obtained enough points to dispossess us of the Southampton League Shield we are destined to be runners-up. In the second division the "B" team seems well set for the same distinction.

"A" played 11, won 7, lost 4, drawn 0—for 38½, against 27½.

"B" played 7, won 4, lost 2, drawn 1—for 21½, against 13½.

We entered this year in the Robertson Cup Knock-out Tournament, and after defeating our rivals, the Y.M.C.A., and after a replay with King Edward's School, we are qualified for the final against Southampton or Old Tauntonians.

G. F. Trubridge has served us well at top board a second season, and on those few occasions when S. A. Lebern has turned out he has won important games for us. W. J. Hull claims a bag of six draws—stern encounters, these—or as the book says, "tough" minds. E. G. Bowley, who foregoes many a Stoneham dinner—heroic mind—has five wins to record without a miss.

Finally, we thank Mr. F. G. Maunsell and Mr. G. Dudley for their interest in the Club.

## THE ECONOMICS SOCIETY.

**T**HIS term has truly seen the high water mark of the Economics Society, for at our meetings we have been honoured by a number of distinguished academic and business men.

On January 25th Prof. Laski, of London University, held the attention of an appreciative audience, representative of many departments of the College, by his brilliant treatment of the "Study of Politics."

"Public Health Administration" was dealt with on February 14th, by Dr. Lauder, Medical Officer of Health for Southampton. The opinions of such an expert naturally infused life into the dry bones of theory.

We were again in touch with the real side of things on February 28th, when Mr. Singer, who has used his theory in a practical fashion, gave us an address on "The Reconstruction of Palestine under the Mandate." He has been actively engaged in this work and showed how theory, which we so often confine to text-books, can be applied in practical problems such as this.

We wish to thank all other Societies for their co-operation at our meetings, especially the Geographical Society, and finally we would remind students that all interested are welcome at our meetings.

D.B.S.

## THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

maintains its usual primrose path. Viewing my membership card somewhat at a disadvantage, since it is upside down on the other side of the desk, I observe that we have enjoyed a truly remarkable series of lectures. The general program appears to have been as follows:—

"Pre-historic Engineering Cable,"

"Joining the Modern Process of Oil," and

"Refining the Age of Speed."

We have, in addition, been shown the "Progress in Design and Application of Friction," but the situation unfortunately complicated itself by the scandalous rumour, "Bearings Nickel steels Pulverised Fuel!"

However, we extend a cordial invitation to the Treasurers of all College Societies on the occasion of our next lecture, "Automatic Sub-Stations."

"PRO BONO ENGINEERIO!"

### INTER-VARSITY DEBATE.

THE annual Inter-Varsity debate was held before a large audience at the University College, Southampton, on the evening of Friday, February 10th, at 8 o'clock.

Delegates from most of the Universities and University Colleges in the kingdom were present, including the following : Oxford, London, Reading, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Birmingham, Nottingham, Bristol, Aberystwyth, Cardiff and Exeter.

The chair was taken by the Rev. Professor E. S. Lyttel, M.A., the motion before the House being that "The Moral Character of the British People is Deteriorating." The motion was proposed by Mr. C. Clowser (Southampton), and seconded by Miss U. H. Page, B.A. (Southampton). The opposition was led by Mr. Lloyd (Bristol), and seconded by Miss McCaney (Bristol).

After a brilliant debate lasting some two hours, in the course of which many witty and effective speeches were made by the delegates, the motion was lost by an overwhelming majority.

On Saturday afternoon the delegates, accompanied by a number of students from the University College, visited Winchester College and Winchester Cathedral, and returned after a strenuous afternoon's sightseeing, to participate with unimpaired vigour in the Union Dance which was held in the Assembly Hall.

It is generally agreed that the Debate held on February 10th was the most successful yet held at the University College.

### OTHER SOCIETIES.

IF it is true that no news is good news a large number of societies must have been having a very good time indeed up to the hour of going to press. It is to be hoped that before the next number of *The West Saxon* is assembled they will have recovered sufficiently to be able to recount their experiences for the benefit of their fellows.





### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

**T**HOUGH we have but broken one record (7 matches cancelled out of 10) success has been achieved in other directions. Of five 1st XI games played only one has been lost, that unfortunately, the Exeter game, in spite of the fact that a last-minute acquisition did not disgrace himself. We comfort ourselves with the narrow margin of victory, 2—1, and the valiant defence of Messrs. Bulmer and Shave, and wonder if the fighting spirit was kept for the favourable moment. Previously, we were able to turn the tables on Bristol University, though only by a narrow margin of 2—1, in one of the hardest games this season. Our victory undoubtedly was due, in the main, to stubborn defensive work, in spite of an injury to Cooper, our left half, and some fine opportunist movements in the forward line, including that fine "oblique drive." With fixtures almost completed a review of the season's work may be attempted. Once again we have failed in cup games, though perhaps this season a failure was a little unwarranted. Unlike last season the forward line has not been so productive of goals as it might have been, while the defence has remained as strong as ever. Individual talent has not been so marked, but with a 2nd XI which has shown such improvement, under difficult conditions, the future assumes a bright appearance, and upon this optimistic note let us leave our successors with the very best wishes to enhance the results we leave behind.

To March 3rd—

P.	W.	D	L.	Goals	
				F.	A.
18	12	1	4	67	25
1 game abandoned					

W.C.B.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL.

**T**HERE has been marked improvement in the rugby team this term, and although we have not had such a successful season as 1926-7, several matches have been won. Promising form has been shown by several first year men and the prospects for next season appear to be exceptionally bright. The Exeter match was, unfortunately, lost, but you can't always win, can you?

E.A.C.

**WOMEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.**

**T**HE above Club has been unfortunate in the number of matches scratched, owing to illness, by opposing teams. In the six matches played by the 1st XI, this term, College have scored 24 goals against their opponents' 13. The 2nd XI succeeded in winning their game against Atherley by 5 goals to 3. Save for the lamentable exhibition against Exeter, who, considering our form, should have won by more than 3—1, the hockey standard has been high and a keener enthusiasm has been shown owing to the increased number of practices possible.

G.A.H.

**NETBALL CLUB.**

**U**NFORTUNATELY, owing to the weather and such like miscellaneous oddments, most of our matches have been cancelled this term. The 1st team record victories over the Convent High School, 25—21, and Exeter University College, 34—5, and a loss against Portsmouth High School, 7—9.

Although the 2nd team have not won any of the three games that they have been able to play, they have little to complain about, having drawn one and lost the other two by a very narrow margin.

Reawarded colours are due to P. M. Burr (Captain), N. A. Hanler and F. M. Oliver. The new colours for the season are M. Darzey, M. Evans, J. Jarvis, and R. Mann.

R.M.





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